

An Eaglemoss Publication

£1.50
UK &
EIRE

THE SPINE CHILLER Collection

31



Reading's never been so
SCARY!

Malta LM1.25
Australia \$3.95
New Zealand \$4.95



Want to get the **CREEPS** again next week?
To make sure you get your copy of The
SpineChiller Collection every week, ask an
adult either to place a regular order with your
magazine retailer or take out a subscription
to The SpineChiller Collection.

UK

Subscriptions/Back Numbers

Simply write to The SpineChiller
Collection, PO Box 1, Hastings,
TN35 4TJ, enclosing a
cheque/postal order made payable
to Eaglemoss Publications Ltd
for the cover price x the number
of parts you wish to receive
(minimum subscription 12 parts).
Or call our credit card hotline on
01424 755 755.

UK Enquiries

Subscriptions/Back Numbers
Customer Services: 01424 755 755

UK Trade Enquiries

Gary Neale 0171 581 1371

Australia and New Zealand

Subscriptions: Write to the relevant
address below or call the order hotline.
Please enclose a cheque/money order
for the cover price x the number of parts
you wish to receive (minimum
subscription is 12 parts).

Back Numbers: Either ask your
magazine retailer to order the copies for
you or, in case of any difficulties, write to
the relevant address below, enclosing a
cheque/money order for the cover price
x the number of parts you wish to
receive.

Australia Enquiries

Telephone: (03) 9872 4000.

Address: The SpineChiller Collection,
MC Box 460, Eastern Mail Centre, VIC
3110. Please make cheques payable to
Bissett Magazine Services P/L.

New Zealand Enquiries

Telephone: (09) 625 3010.

Address: The SpineChiller Collection,
PO Box 24013,
Royal Oak, Auckland. Please make
cheques payable to Mercury Direct
Marketing.

South Africa

Subscriptions:

Please call the order hotline on
(011) 652 1807.

Back Numbers: Please write to
The SpineChiller Collection, Private Bag
18, Centurion, 0046, enclosing a
cheque/money order made payable to
Eaglemoss Publications for the cover
price x the number of parts you wish to
receive.

Singapore, Malaysia, Malta & Cyprus

Back Numbers available from your
magazine retailer.

Credits

Spiderbites from Scary Stories for Sleep-Overs #8 ©
1997 by RGA Publishing Group, Inc.

Key To Strands: Front Cover-FC, Super Scary
Story-SSS, Our Haunted World-OHW, Strange But
True-SBT, Puzzles-PUZ, Classic Serial-CS, The
Unexplained-TU.

Photographs*: BBC Photo Library SBT2(t); Edinburgh
City Libraries SBT1(b), SBT2(c); Mary Evans Picture
Library Ltd SBT1(t), SBT2(b), TU1(t), (James Crocker)
TU1(c), TU2(c); Fortean Picture Library (Klaus
Aarsleff) OHW1(b), (Shinichiro Namiki) OHW2(br),
TU1(c); Images Colour Library (The Charles Walker
Collection) TU2(t, d).

Illustrations*: Lee Gibbons TU1-2(sp); John Higgins
SBT1-2(sp); Paul Johnson SSS1-7(sp); David Millgate
FRONT COVER(t); Jerry Paris FRONT COVER(b), CS1(t),
PUZ1(t), PUZ1-3(sp); Lee Sullivan OHW3-4(sp);
Andrew Wheatcroft (Virgil Pomfret Agency) CS1-4(sp);
Steve White OHW1(c), OHW1-2(sp); David Wyatt
(Sarah Brown Agency) OHW1(c), Pop-up.

* While the publishers have made every effort to contact
all copyright holders of illustrations published in this
issue, we would be pleased to hear from any that we
have not been able to locate.

Editorial and distribution offices
Eaglemoss Publications Ltd,
7 Cromwell Road, London SW7 2HR

Editor: Jenny Curran

Art Editor: Chantal Newell

Section Editors: Carey Denton, Christine Hatt,

Amanda Maclean, Vanessa Morgan

Designers: Andy Archer, Jessica Watts

Picture Editor: Lon Gibbons

Production Controller: Teresa Magnowska

© 1998 Eaglemoss Publications

All rights reserved

Printed by: CSM Impact, England

Colour origination by: Colourscan, Singapore

31 CONTENTS

SUPER SCARY STORY
Spiderbites

OUR HAUNTED WORLD
Central America
Tough Tackle!

STRANGE BUT TRUE
Deacon Brodie

CLASSIC SERIAL
Dracula's Guest
Chapter 2

PUZZLES
Ghost Ship

THE UNEXPLAINED
Mystery Lights



Next week in

**THE SPINECHILLER
COLLECTION**

SUPER SCARY STORY
Bloodmobile

OUR HAUNTED WORLD
Finland
Snug as a Bug!

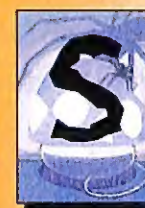
STRANGE BUT TRUE
The Enfield Poltergeist

CLASSIC SERIAL
The Signalman
Chapter 1

PUZZLES
Prehistoric Pets

THE UNEXPLAINED
Psychic Artists

SPIDERBITES



omething was wrong with Katrina's leg. She felt it
even before she opened her eyes that morning – a
dry burning sensation at the bottom of her right calf,
near her ankle. Her fingertips found a raised area,
the middle of the huge bump stung as if it had been
shot with a needle.

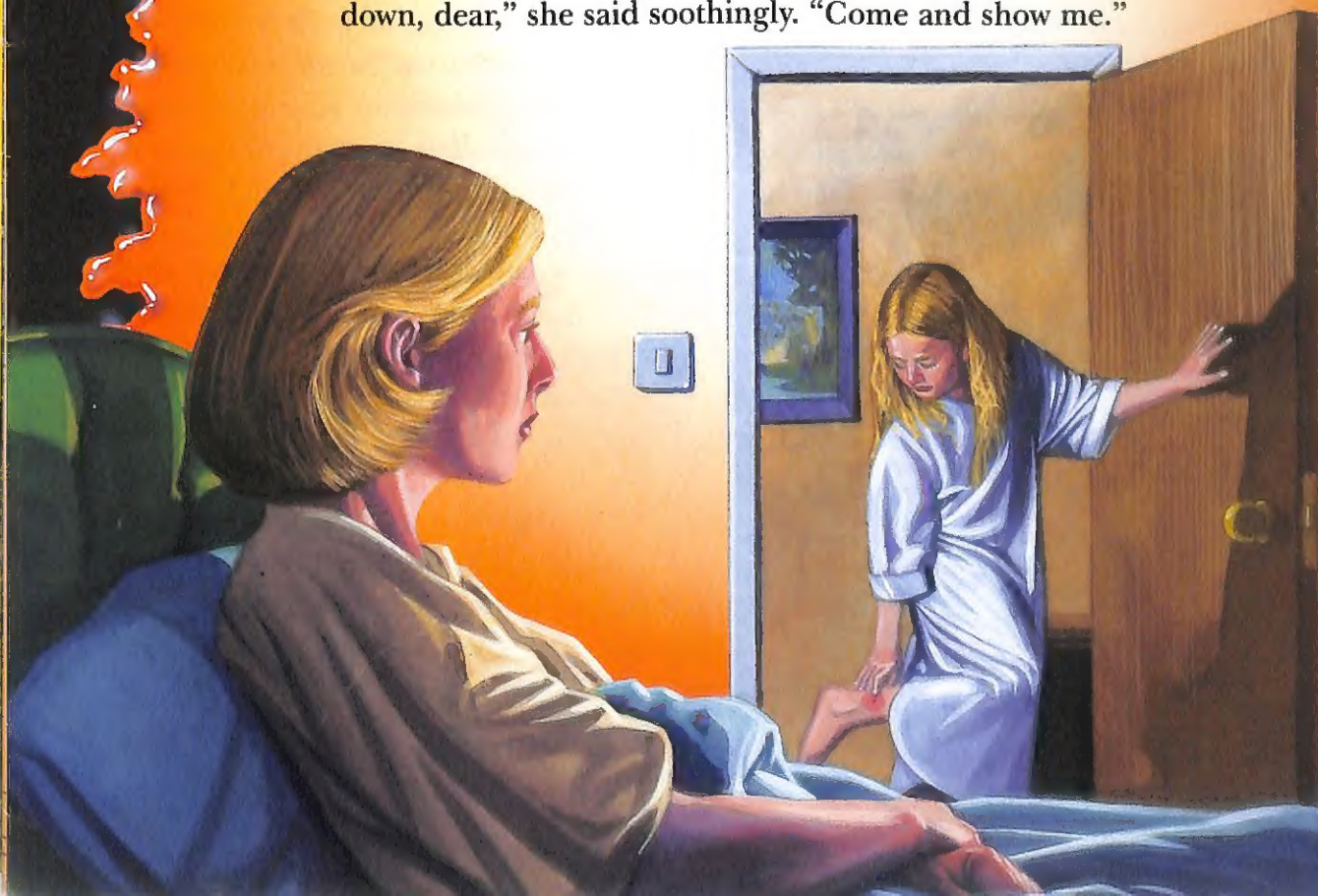
Frowning, she kicked the duvet off and sat up in bed. A wedge
of morning sun spotlighted a large red welt on her leg. She
stared at it for a few seconds, then flung herself out of bed and
hurried into the hall.

In the next room Katrina's six-year-old sister saw her rushing
by. "What's the matter, Trina?" she called out.

"Something bit me last night!" Katrina cried as she raced
down the hall toward their parents' room.

"Mum! Dad!" she yelled. "Look at my leg!"

Katrina's father rolled over. Her mother sat up in bed. "Calm
down, dear," she said soothingly. "Come and show me."



Katrina pulled up her pyjama leg, revealing the red welt.

"Oh my goodness," her mum gasped. Then her father sat up and squinted at Katrina's calf.

"I'll bet anything that's a spider bite," he said, yawning.

"A spider!" Katrina cried, imagining the eight-legged creature still crawling around her room.

"I'll take care of it," her dad said, closing his eyes. "As soon as I wake up."



But it wasn't that easy. After breakfast the whole family headed to Katrina's bedroom. Katrina helped her mum change the sheets, then they vacuumed the room. Her dad took up the carpet around the skirting boards to see if there were any nests. Even Natasha did what she could, wriggling under the bed with a torch and checking under the desk. But no one found anything.



"In a way, it's good we couldn't find it," her mum said. "That means whatever bit you is not in this room now." Then her parents went on with other chores.

Katrina hung around her room for a while, looking behind books on the shelf. She wondered if something could have burrowed into her mattress and be lurking there unseen. As Katrina rechecked every corner of her room, Natasha sat on the edge of the bed. She liked to hang around with her big sister.

"Trina, have you ever been bitten by a spider before?" Natasha asked casually.

Katrina tried to remember. "I don't think so," she replied. "Why? Have you?"

Natasha stopped swinging her legs. She considered the question. "Yes," she finally replied. "It was on holiday last summer. In the hotel."

Katrina remembered seeing some tiny red marks on the back of her sister's hand. "But I thought Mum and Dad said those were mosquito bites," Katrina said, frowning.

Natasha shook her head. "I know it was a spider. Of course, my bites weren't as big as yours," she explained. "I suppose that's why Mum and Dad thought they were mosquito bites."

Katrina had a feeling her sister was making it up to help her feel better. She decided to play along. "What was it like?" Katrina asked.

"I was scared at first," Natasha said. "But later I decided it wasn't that bad."

"Thanks, Natasha," Katrina said, smiling. "I'll have to remember that."

That night Katrina wore clean pyjamas and tucked herself between clean sheets. She had convinced herself that her room was completely spider-free.

But when she turned off the light, she began to picture something coming for her in the darkness. When she rolled over, a strand of her own hair brushed against her neck. She swatted at it, thinking something was scrambling along her skin. Soon she was sure that from the dark ceiling above some unseen thing was lowering itself towards her on a slender thread.

Finally, Katrina turned on her light, climbed out of bed, and rummaged through her desk until she found the old night-light she had used when she was Natasha's age. She plugged it into the socket near her bed and smiled as the comforting glow filled every dark corner of the room.

The next morning another big red welt had appeared on her skin, this time on her left leg just below the knee.

Katrina shrieked in disbelief, then ran into her parents' room. "The spider got me again!" she screamed, pointing at her leg. "It's almost... hunting me!"

Her parents shook their heads. Her mum cleaned the bite, as she had done the morning before. And her dad knelt down next to her, knotting his tie.

"I'm really sorry, sweetheart," he said, his face grim as he studied the bite. "I'll call a pest controller to come and spray the entire house."

Katrina was close to tears. "I can't bear to sleep in my room tonight," she moaned.

"I'll make up the bed in the spare room for tonight," her mum said.

Katrina nodded, looking down at the matching bright red spider bites, one on each leg.



When Katrina got home from school, the whole house smelled of insect spray. Katrina started to feel a little better when she spotted the bodies of tiny house spiders and moths lying on the floor, and she realised the exterminator's poison had done its job. But she refused to go anywhere near her own room.

Just before bedtime, Katrina asked Natasha to get her pyjamas. She was sitting at the desk in the spare bedroom, making a half-hearted attempt to do some homework, when Natasha came in.

"Here you go, Trina," she said, putting down the pyjamas and lying down on the bed. "Whatcha doing?"

"I'm working on my endangered species essay," Katrina said, one thumb in a book. Normally, Katrina hated it when her sister bugged her while she was busy, but Natasha had been feeling sick, and Katrina felt sorry for her.

"You won't believe how much homework you're going to get, Natasha, when you're my..." She broke off, startled by her sister's zombie-like state.

Natasha wasn't listening. Instead, she was staring at the marks on Katrina's legs.



"I know how you feel, you know," Natasha whispered dramatically. "The spider in that hotel bit me more than once, too."

"Really?" Katrina said, weakly.

"Yeah!" Natasha said, her voice excited.

The truth was that the whole subject was starting to make Katrina feel very uncomfortable. She decided to change the subject.

"Natasha, would you do one more favour for me?" Katrina asked.

"Sure, Trina! Anything!"

"Could you fetch my night-light?"

"Yep", Natasha said and she marched down the hall.

It was weird, sleeping in the guest room. Everything looked different. Even the noises of the house, like the distant hum of the fridge and the boiler, sounded different from this room.

She knew there couldn't possibly be any spiders here or anywhere else in the whole house, thanks to the exterminator. Still, it took her a long time to fall asleep.



The bite was on her arm this time – on her left wrist, where she would have worn a watch. Katrina didn't scream when she saw it. She just felt weak. She lay in bed and stared at her wrist as if she were trying to tell the time.

When her parents came to wake her for school, Katrina held up her arm

without a word, tears glistening in her eyes. For a moment both adults simply stared at the new red bump, their mouths open.

"Oh no!" her dad fumed. "That pest controller is coming straight back!"

"Let me try something first," her mum said, still examining Katrina's arm. "There's a man at the college who studies insects. His name's Professor Weber. Maybe he can give us some advice."

Katrina's dad leaned over her arm. "It's worth a try," he said.

Professor Weber's office was filled with insects. Hundreds of butterflies on mounting boards hung from the walls. The shelves were filled with fat volumes on insects. In one corner was a huge, glass-covered table, which housed the biggest assortment of spiders Katrina had ever seen.

"Quite a collection, isn't it?" said a tall man behind a desk in the corner. He stood up on lanky limbs and extended a long arm to Katrina's mother, his dark, glassy eyes shining. "I'm Professor Weber." He grinned at Katrina. "And I understand you have a bite you want me to see."

Katrina nodded and pushed up her sleeve. "This is the third bite I've had," she began. "It happened last..."

"Oh my," Professor Weber gasped. "That is big." He walked over to Katrina and her mother with only two steps of his long, thin legs. Then he drew a magnifying glass from his pocket. "In fact, it's the biggest I've ever seen."

"Is it... a spider bite?" Katrina asked.

"Oh yes. You can get some idea of the size of the spider that bit you by looking at the wound. See, there are two separate puncture holes. Those are fang marks."

Katrina stared down in horror. Now he'd mentioned it, she could see two white spots, a few centimetres apart. She cast a glance at the spider-filled table, her toes curling. The spider that had made the marks on her arm was probably much bigger than any of the spiders in this room!

"What can we do about this, Professor?" Katrina's mother asked. "This thing is biting my daughter every night!"

The tall man shrugged. A little grin never quite left his face, as if he were amused. "It appears that this spider has grown quite fond of you. Why don't you move to a different room?"

"I have!" Katrina cried. "It got me there, too!"

"Oh my," the professor said. "That means your spider must have really quite a large territory." He fell silent and continued to stare at Katrina's arm.

Her mum sighed impatiently. "Well?" she said. "Do you have any advice?"

Professor Weber sat down and put his elbows on the desk, placing the tips of his long fingers together. "Well, there is an old legend that comes to mind. It says that if a particular spider bites you four times, you will turn into a spider yourself," he said with a chuckle. "You've been bitten three times already..."

Katrina's mother rose to her feet. "What nonsense!" she spat. "How can



you try to frighten my daughter with silly stories! She's upset enough as it is."

The tall man laughed. "Sorry. I don't believe it, of course," he said.

"Could you at least tell us what kind of spider this is, Professor Weber, so we know if it's dangerous?"

"To tell you the truth, I have no idea. But I'd like to find out." He put his hands together under his chin, making him look like a praying mantis. "There are still lots of secrets about the spider world..."

Katrina's mum guided her towards the door. "Thank you, Professor Weber," she said curtly. "We'll work something out ourselves."

"If you catch it, please bring it in!" he called after them.

Katrina turned around for one more glance at the insect-like professor. She was never happier to see a door slam on anyone in her life.



At home, Katrina fell on to her parents' bed, exhausted. Her mum felt her head. "I think you have a fever, darling," she said. "Probably a reaction to the spider bites. Try to take an afternoon nap."

"But, Mum!" Katrina said, looking around the room fearfully. "I'll just get bitten again!"

"Don't worry," her mother soothed. "Remember, this is our room, and neither Dad nor I have a single bite on us."

Katrina lay back and fell asleep.

But her dreams were terrible. She kept imagining the whole house as a giant web in which she was stuck, helplessly waiting to be eaten. And from somewhere, there was the scrambling sound of something huge and hungry coming after her. Something on long pointed legs, with fangs like poison darts...

When she opened her eyes, Natasha was standing by her bedside.

"Hi, Trina!" she said. "Do you feel like playing with me?"

Katrina stretched and shook her head. "Not at the moment."

Natasha sighed. "You never have any time to play," she said in a pouty voice.

"I'm sorry," Katrina said, carefully checking her arms and legs. There were no new bites. "My mind's on other things at the moment," she added.



"Mum says you talked to a crazy man at the college," Natasha said.

Katrina sat up in bed. "Yes, you could say that," she agreed. "He told us this weird story about how if you get bitten four times by one spider you could turn into a spider yourself. Sounds nuts, doesn't it?"

But Natasha did not laugh. Instead, her face filled with concern. "Would you be scared if that was happening to you?" Natasha asked.

Katrina hadn't expected to be taken seriously. "That's not happening to me, Natasha," she said. Katrina tried to chuckle, but somehow she couldn't work up a laugh. She looked out of the window. The sun was going down, and the sight made her feel even colder inside.

"Maybe that college man meant that it's kind of like a werewolf," Natasha pressed, her eyes wide. "Except with spiders instead of wolves!"

"Natasha, can we stop talking about spiders?" Katrina said.

"I'm sorry, Trina," Natasha shrugged. Then she ran off. "Mum wants you to come down for dinner if you feel up to it."

But Katrina wasn't hungry. All she could do was lie there, imagining that wherever she went in the house, spiders skulked behind potted plants and nestled in the tops of the curtains, ready to pounce.

That night her parents fixed up a bed for her in their own bedroom. They even plugged in her night-light.

"Nothing will get you tonight," her dad promised. "Not with your father on duty!"

"Good night, dear," her mum said. "Just try to sleep."

Katrina sighed and rested her head on the pillow, but she couldn't sleep. She wished she hadn't taken such a long nap. She lay there, her eyes wide open.

After a while she heard her parents' breathing become even. Katrina finally closed her eyes.

Suddenly she woke. A spider – the spider – was biting her, this time on the neck! Paralysed with fear, Katrina forced her eyes open.

All she could see was Natasha's face looming before her. But something was terribly wrong. Fine black hair covered the little girl's features, and her eyes looked like furry black saucers. "It takes about a month, Trina. Then you'll be like me," Natasha whispered, her voice like the high, screechy sound of violins being tuned. "Then we'll have plenty of time to play. Just think, two spiders, crawling through the house together after dark!"

Katrina could not make a sound. Nor could she move. Eight legs, all long and hairy, gripped her in a strong embrace. She could only watch as the changed face of her sister moved forwards again to pierce her throat with its fangs.

THE END

OUR HAUNTED WORLD

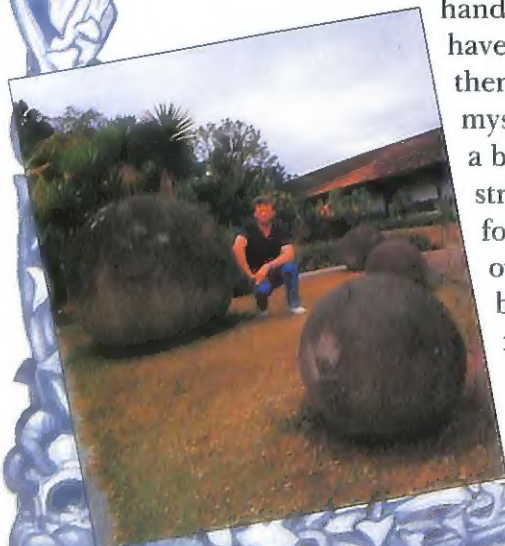
SpineChiller visits the countries of Central America and brings you some tales that are seriously spooky...

A Bigfoot-like wildman, called El Sisemite, is said to live in the mountains of Cubulco in Guatemala. The creature has been blamed for kidnapping a local man's daughter. She was snatched in Coban in the early 1940s, never to be seen again!



MYSTERY BALLS

More than 1000 granite stone balls are scattered across the Disquis Delta of Costa Rica. Some are small, while others are a gigantic 2.5m across and weigh 16 tonnes! Each ball is a perfect sphere and appears to have been smoothed by hand. The stone balls may have occurred naturally and then been finished off by mystery stone-workers from a bygone age – but, strangely, the granite isn't found locally. It is now over 60 years since the balls were found, so maybe we should be asking if anyone huge has lost their marbles!



VICIOUS VINE!

While gathering plant specimens in the swamps around Lake Nicaragua, Victorian naturalist Mr Dunstan heard his dog howling in pain. When he ran to see what was wrong, he found his dog completely tied up in a network of thin, black, rope-like roots and tendrils! A gloopy, gluey substance oozing from the hanging vine helped to hold the dog captive. Dunstan hacked away at the vine and managed eventually to free his dog. But he was shocked to see that the poor creature was covered in sucker marks where the vicious vine had made holes in its skin and apparently sucked its blood! Local people – who knew all about the flesh-eating vine – told Dunstan that it took just five minutes for the bizarre plant to 'suck' a large lump of meat dry!

THE SKULL OF DOOM

In 1927, this life-sized rock crystal skull was found in a ruined Mayan temple in Belize. A crystal expert studied it for six years and said that it sometimes tinkled, changed colour or went hazy and gave out a perfumed scent. He also claimed to have seen images of the Earth in ruins within it. It became known as the Skull of Doom.

No one knows how, when or by whom it was made. But there is a legend in Central America that the ancient Mayans had 13 crystal skulls, said to contain the truth about the origin, purpose and destiny of the human race. Could this be one of them? Mayans in Guatemala believe that it is, and that it is warning us to take better care of the planet!



TOUGH TACKLE!

A friend of a friend
was travelling in
Costa Rica...



1 He visited a fishing lodge which ran sea and river fishing trips.



2 The lodge had a special tackle and bait shop, which sold everything for the keen fisherman.



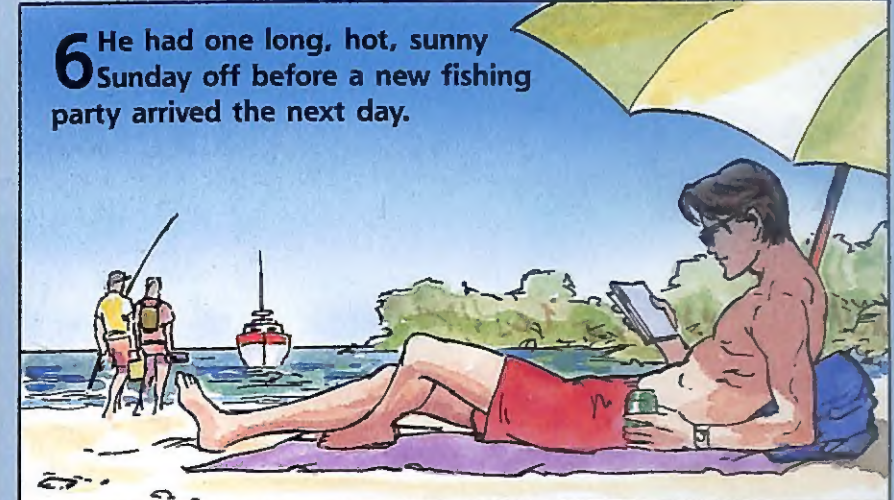
4 A month later, the manager said he had to go away for the weekend. The young guy was proud to be left in charge.



3 The shop manager liked him, and took him on as his assistant.



5 At the end of the Saturday he checked the supplies, tidied up, then made sure that all the lights were switched off.



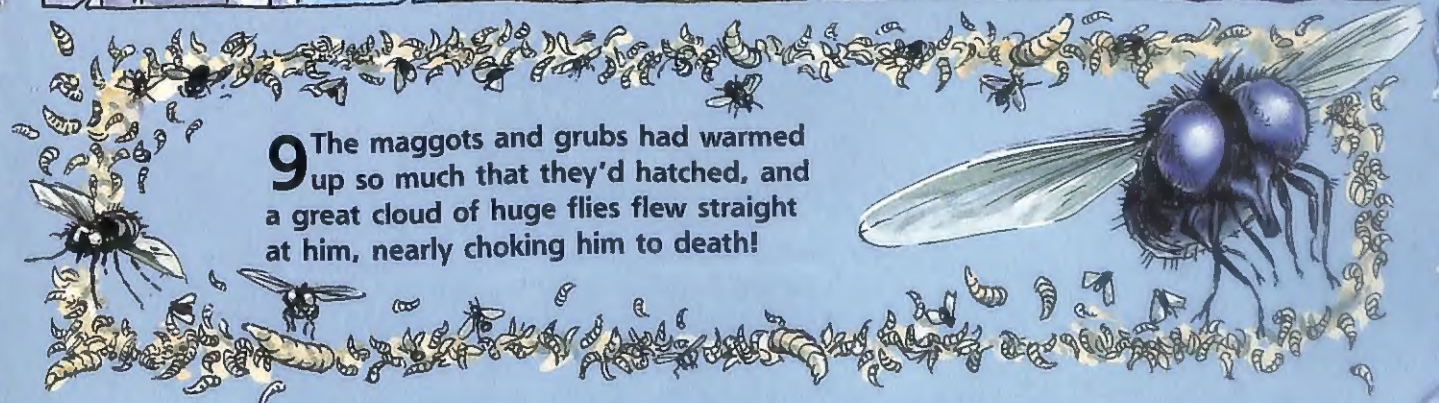
6 He had one long, hot, sunny Sunday off before a new fishing party arrived the next day.



7 The first customer to come in on Monday morning wanted some maggots.



8 The guy went to the storeroom, opened the giant fridge door and realised – too late – the dangers of switching off the bait refrigerator.



9 The maggots and grubs had warmed up so much that they'd hatched, and a great cloud of huge flies flew straight at him, nearly choking him to death!

STRANGE BUT TRUE

DEACON BRODIE

Evidence no: 31/1
Deacon Brodie

Special Investigation File: 31

Subject: a criminal with a double life
Place: Edinburgh, Scotland

SpineChiller creates a file

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

This is the story of an 18th-century Edinburgh gentleman who was also a devious criminal. William Brodie was outwardly respectable, a member of the town council and a deacon (leader) of a trade association called the Incorporation of the Edinburgh Wrights and Masons. But in secret, he led a different life.

As a very young man, Brodie spent his nights in a gambling den. Then in 1786, aged 27, he broke into a bank and stole £800, a fortune in those days. This was the first of many crimes Brodie carried out with his accomplices, George Smith, Andrew Ainslie and John Brown. Brodie himself was the mastermind behind all the gang's plots.

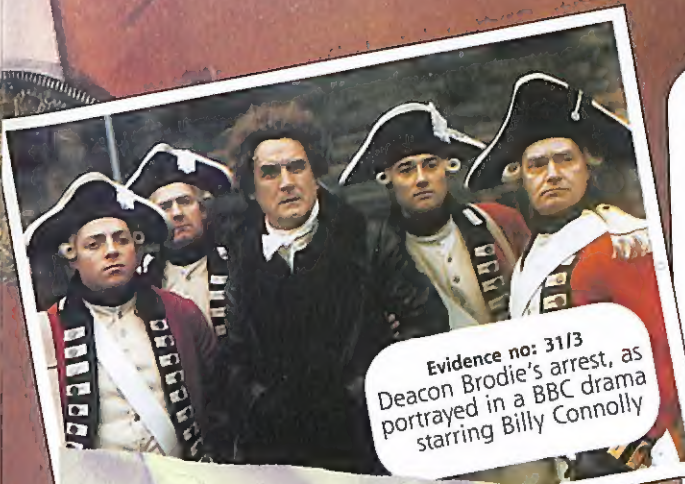
6 March 1788 CUSTOMS HOUSE BREAK-IN

Four daring burglars yesterday raided the Scottish Customs and Excise offices in Canongate, Edinburgh.

The thieves' plan was almost foiled. While they were carrying out their evil deed, an employee rushed in and disturbed them. But they still managed to escape, taking all their loot with them.

The authorities believe that this criminal gang is responsible for many other crimes in the Edinburgh area. So they are still searching for all its members and would appreciate any help that the public can provide.

Evidence no: 31/2
Scottish Customs and Excise, Canongate, Edinburgh



Evidence no: 31/3
Deacon Brodie's arrest, as portrayed in a BBC drama starring Billy Connolly

2 October 1788

Dear Kirsty

The drama of Deacon Brodie has ended. When he was brought back from Amsterdam, law officers searched his home. They found guns, keys to buildings he had burgled and the black suit he had worn to carry out his crimes.

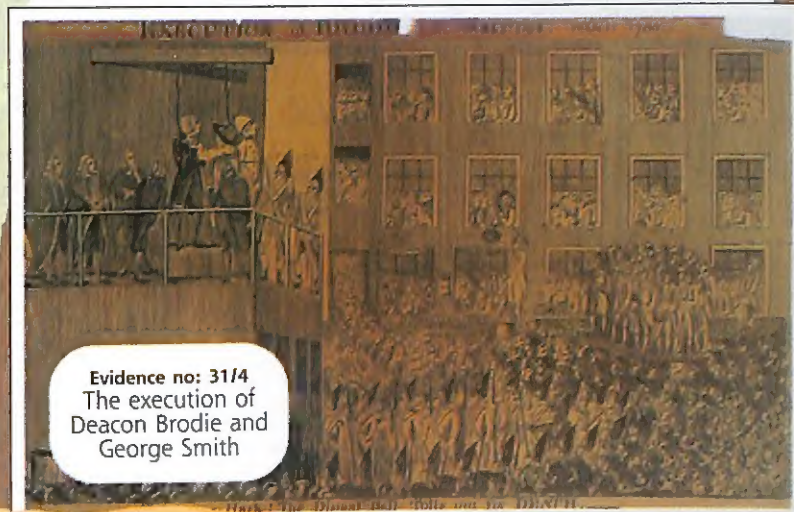
Brodie was tried in the High Court, where he had once been a juror, and sentenced to hang. But yesterday he tried to cheat death. By putting a tube down his throat, he hoped to stop the rope from throttling him. His plan failed and he died.
Your loving friend
Morag

ARREST REPORT

Place: Amsterdam, The Netherlands

Detainee: William 'Deacon' Brodie

Circumstances of arrest: One of Brodie's partners, John Brown, betrayed him in order to avoid punishment for his own crimes. Brodie also played a part in his own downfall by sending letters from Amsterdam, where he had fled. These enabled law officers to trace him. He was arrested the day before he had planned to leave for America.



Evidence no: 31/4
The execution of Deacon Brodie and George Smith

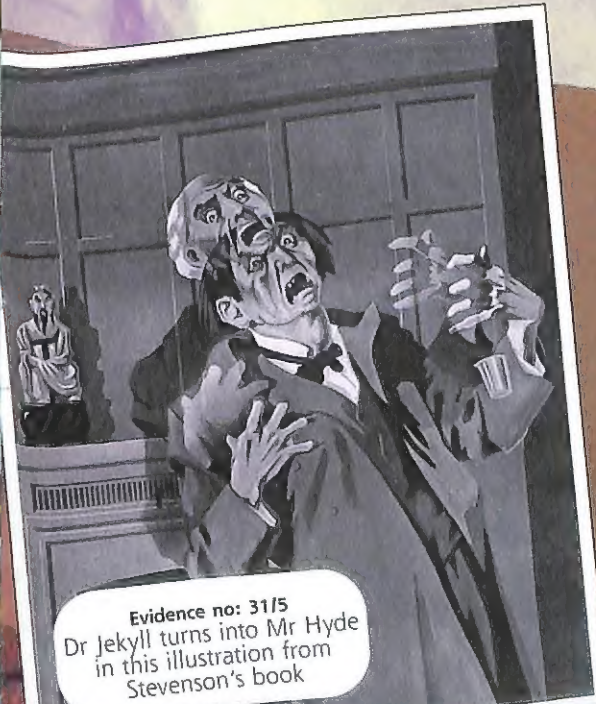
EDITION 3, 1886
LITERARY LIFE
Scottish author Robert Louis Stevenson has just completed a second work inspired by Edinburgh criminal Deacon Brodie.

The earlier work, a play written with poet and journalist William Ernest Henley, was called 'Deacon Brodie, or the Double Life'. It was first produced on July 2 1884 at the Prince's Theatre, London. The new work, Stevenson's alone, is a novel, 'The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde'. Like the play, it explores the good and evil sides of one man's character. It is a chilling but gripping story.

CONCLUSION

Deacon Brodie's story makes clear that even respectable people have a hidden, darker side. This is what Stevenson tried to show in the tale of Jekyll and Hyde. So watch out!

Evidence no: 31/5
Dr Jekyll turns into Mr Hyde in this illustration from Stevenson's book



Unexplained



Chapter 2

Dracula's Guest

Retold from a story by Bram Stoker

Nearer came the red glow, over the white pall which stretched into the darkness around me. Then, all at once from beyond the trees, there came at a trot a troop of horsemen bearing torches. The wolf rose from my breast and made for the cemetery. I saw one of the horsemen – from their hats and their long military cloaks, I could tell that they were soldiers – raise his carbine and take aim. A companion knocked up his arm, and I heard the bullet whizz over my head. The firer had evidently thought that my body was the wolf's. Another soldier sighted the

animal as it slunk away, and a shot followed. Then, at a gallop, the troop rode forward – some towards me, others following the wolf as it disappeared amongst the snow-clad cypress trees.

As the soldiers drew nearer, I tried to move. But I was powerless, although I could see and hear all that went on around me. Two or three of the soldiers jumped from their horses and knelt beside me. One of them raised my head, and placed his hand over my heart.

"Good news, comrades!" he cried. "His heart still beats!" Then some brandy was poured down my throat. It put vigour into me, and I was able to open my eyes fully and look around. Lights and shadows were moving among the trees, and I heard men call to one another. They drew together, uttering frightened exclamations. The lights flashed as the others came pouring out of the cemetery pell-mell, like men possessed. When those who had been searching in the distance came closer, those who were already gathered around me asked them eagerly:

"Well, have you found him?"

The reply rang out hurriedly: "No! no! Come away quick – quick! This is no place to stay, and on this of all nights!"

"What was it?" was the question, asked in all manner of ways. The answer came in many different ways, too. It was as though



the men were moved by some common impulse to speak, yet held back by some common fear from giving their thoughts.

"It indeed!" gibbered one, whose wits had plainly given out for the moment.

"A wolf – and yet not a wolf!" another put in quickly.

"No use trying to kill him without a special bullet," a third remarked.

"Serve us right for coming out on this night! Truly we have earned our money!" a fourth cried.

"There was blood on the broken marble," another said, after a pause. "The lightning never brought that there. And what about him – is he safe? Look at his throat! See, comrades, the wolf has been lying on him and keeping his blood warm."

A man looked at my throat and replied: "He is all right, the skin is not pierced. What does it all mean? We should not have found him but for the yelping of the wolf."

"What became of it?" asked the man who was holding up my head. He seemed the least panic-stricken of the party, for his hands were steady.

There was the chevron of an officer on the sleeve of his uniform.

"It went to its home," answered the man, whose long face was pale, and who shook with terror as he glanced around him fearfully. "There are graves enough there in which it may lie. Come, comrades – come quickly! Let us leave this cursed spot."

The officer raised me so that I was sitting up. Then he uttered a word of command, at which several men placed me upon a horse. The officer then sprang into the saddle behind me, took me in his arms and gave the word to advance. Turning our faces away from the cypresses, we rode away in swift, military order.

As yet my tongue would not move, so I had to remain silent. I must have fallen asleep, for the next thing I remembered was finding myself standing up, supported by a soldier on each side of me. It was almost broad daylight. To the north a red streak of sunlight was reflected,

like a path of blood over the snow. The officer was telling the men to say nothing of what they had seen, except that they had found an English stranger, guarded by a large dog.

"Dog! That was no dog," cut in the man who had shown such fear. "I think I know a wolf when I see one."

The young officer answered calmly: "I said a dog."

"Dog!" repeated the other. It was evident that his courage was rising with the sun. Pointing to me, he said:

"Look at his throat. Is that the work of a dog, master?"

Instinctively I raised my hand to my throat, and as I touched it I cried out in pain. The men crowded round to look, some stooping down from their saddles, and again there came the calm voice of the young officer:

"A dog, as I said. If anything else were said we should only be laughed at."

I was then put on to a horse behind a trooper, and we rode on into the suburbs of a large city. Here I was lifted into a carriage, which was driven off to the Hotel Quatre Saisons. The young officer accompanied me, while a trooper followed with his horse and the others rode off to their barracks.

When we arrived, the maître d'hôtel rushed so quickly down the steps that it was apparent he had been watching from within. Taking me by both hands he led me in. The officer saluted me and turned to leave. But I insisted that he come to my rooms. Over a glass of wine, I warmly thanked him and his brave comrades for saving me. He replied simply that he was more than glad, and that the manager had taken steps to make all the searching party pleased. These ambiguous words made the

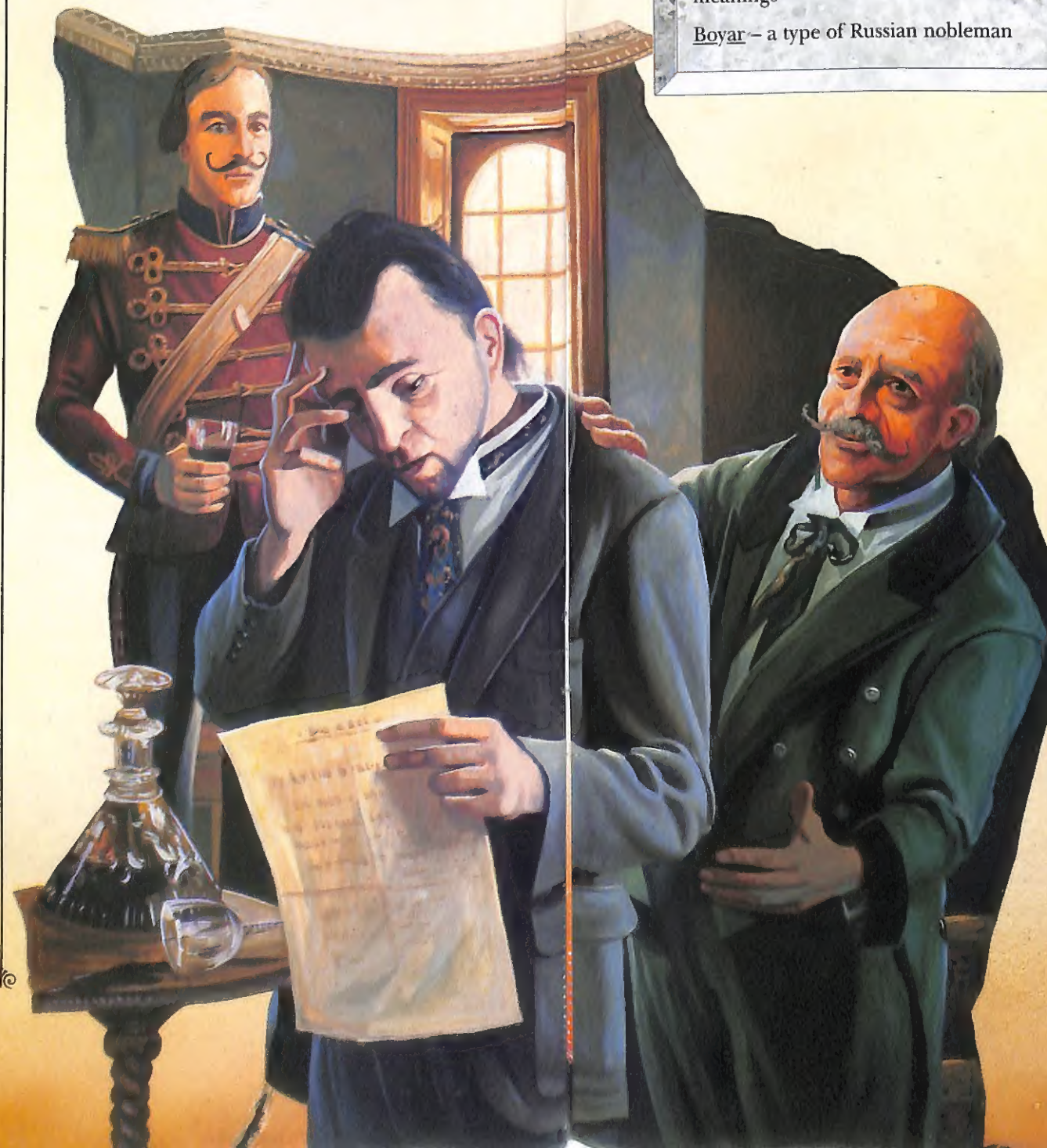
maître d'hôtel smile. The officer then left to carry out his duties.

"But how and why was it that the soldiers came to search for me?" I inquired.

The manager shrugged his shoulders and replied: "I was fortunate enough to obtain permission from the commander of my old regiment to ask for volunteers."

"But how did you know I was lost?" I asked, still curious.

"The driver arrived with the remains of your carriage, which had been upset when the horses ran away."



WORD POWER

pall – a dense haze

carbine – a type of light rifle

pell-mell – in a disorderly way

chevron – a badge in the shape of a V

barracks – a building where soldiers live and sleep

maître d'hôtel – (here) a hotel manager

ambiguous – having two possible meanings

Boyar – a type of Russian nobleman

"But surely you would not send out an entire search-party of soldiers merely for this reason?"

"Oh, no!" he answered, "but even before the coachman arrived, I had this telegram from the Boyar whose guest you are." Then he took from his pocket a telegram which he handed to me, and I read:

BISTRITZ

BE CAREFUL OF MY GUEST – HIS SAFETY IS MOST PRECIOUS TO ME. SHOULD ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HIM, OR IF HE BE MISSED, SPARE NOTHING TO FIND HIM AND ENSURE HIS SAFETY. HE IS ENGLISH AND THEREFORE ADVENTUROUS. THERE ARE OFTEN DANGERS FROM SNOW AND WOLVES AND NIGHT. LOSE NOT A MOMENT IF YOU SUSPECT HARM TO HIM. I WILL PAY YOU HANDSOMELY FOR YOUR EFFORTS.

DRACULA

As I held the telegram in my hand, the room seemed to whirl around me. If the attentive maître d'hôtel had not caught me, I think I should have fallen. There was something highly strange in all this, something impossible to imagine. There grew on me a sense that I was the object of a contest between opposite forces, good and evil. The idea seemed in a way to paralyze me. I was certainly under some form of mysterious protection. From a distant country had come, in the very nick of time, a message that took me out of the jaws of the wolf.

THE END

NEXT ISSUE:

The Middle Toe of the Right Foot by Ambrose Bierce

WHEN - - AT - ,
- DO - WANT - - ON -
GHOST SHIP?

BECAUSE I LIKE
TO SCARE FOLK

GHOSTLY GIGGLE
Say out loud the single number and letters.
Then put each one in its correct space to
complete the first spook's question.
A U 2 R Y U C B

A U 2 R Y U C B

PHANTOM FACTS

PHANTOM FACTS

It seems that ghost ships – sometimes with their long-lost crews – come in all shapes and sizes, according to reports everything from olden-day galleons to Viking longships!

Look at the sails in silhouette. Now choose each vessel's correct name.
junk ketch schooner sloop dhow

VANISHING ACT!

VANISHING ACT
Weird! Can you reduce these eight floating objects to just one, without taking any away!

CHAOTIC COMPASS!

This compass has gone haywire! Pick out the wrongly marked compass points and rearrange them in their correct positions on the inner ring?



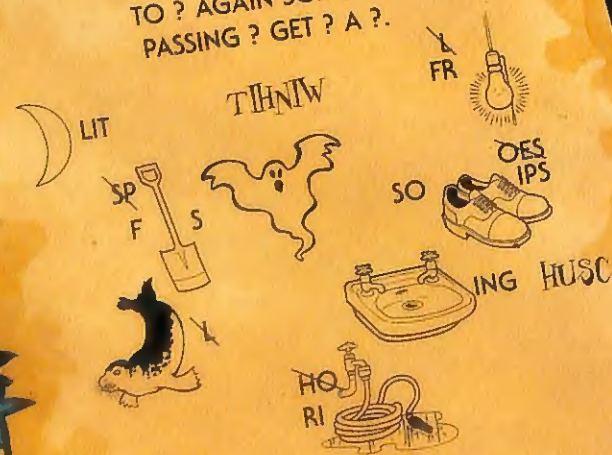
SPOOKY FACTS

The sea's vast, dark-surfaced expanse makes it a perfect place for supernatural sightings. The many alleged maritime phantoms do not have to compete with the nightly glow of electric light!

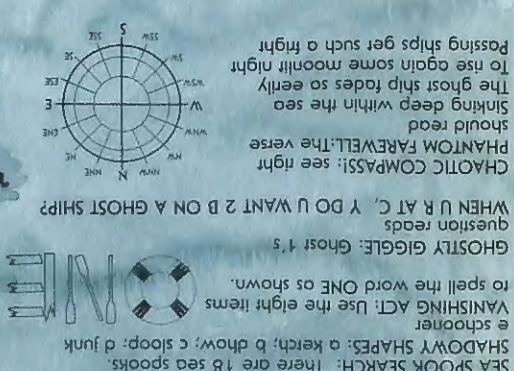
PHANTOM FAREWELL!

Unscramble the anagrams and picture words to complete the verse

? DEEP ? THE ?
THE ? SHIP ? SO EERILY
TO ? AGAIN SOME ? ?
PASSING ? GET ? A ?



ANSWERS



MYSTERY LIGHTS



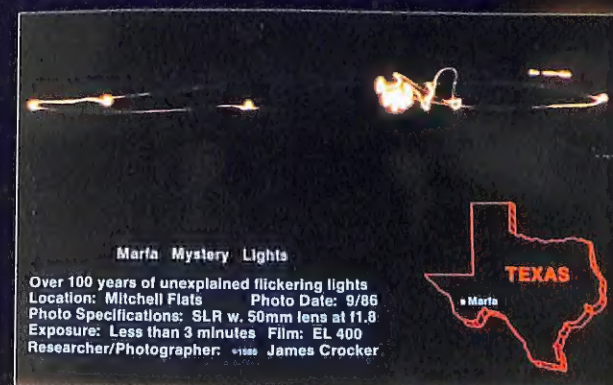
Have you ever seen weird lights in the night sky? Some lights can be explained as aircraft, shooting stars or falling meteorites. But there have been hundreds of reports from all around the world that don't fit these descriptions. What could they be? UFOs? Ghostly spirits? Or unknown forces of nature?



▲ **SPOT THE LIGHT**
Researchers in Norway were able to photograph this mystery light in 1984 – but couldn't explain what it was.



▲ **THE HOOKERMAN**
An American legend claimed this light was a ghostly lantern swung by a dead railroad conductor – now researchers claim it is a spook light.



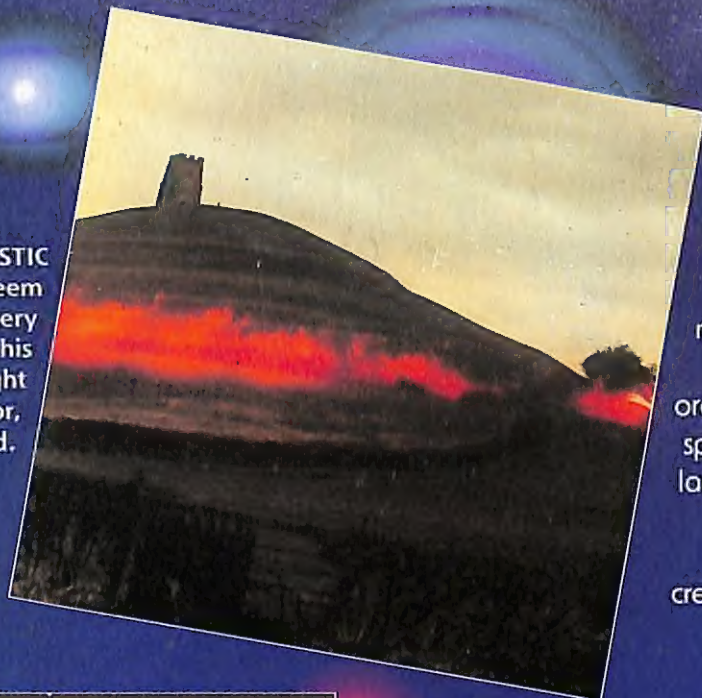
▲ **SPEED OF LIGHT**
This picture shows the movements of an American spook light.

SPOOK OR SPACESHIP?

Mystery lights have been around for hundreds of years, but what are they? In Australia, the Aborigines call them 'min min' and believe them to be their ancestors' spirits. Around the world, people have claimed these 'spook lights', as they are sometimes called, are proof of UFOs. But the most recent theory links the lights to movements under the Earth's surface. These mystery lights are known as 'Earth lights'.

CAUGHT ON CAMERA
In 1981, the Hessdalen valley in Norway, suddenly became the centre of some strange light activity. The lights were seen here, there and everywhere, close to the ground and high up in the air. They could hang motionless, move slowly or in jumps, and sometimes shoot across the sky at high speed. For the next three years the lights showed up time and again. Some scientists decided to try and find out what (or who!) these mystery lights were. They managed to take lots of pictures, measure the lights and follow them by radar and laser. They proved the lights existed but still couldn't say what they were!

► **LIGHT FANTASTIC**
Ancient sites seem to attract mystery lights, like this cloud of red light at Glastonbury Tor, in England.



Mount Taishan in China and recorded the amazing sight of the 'Bodhisattva Lights', believed by Buddhists to be the spirit of the mountain. Blofeld saw the lights from a tower that had been built right on the edge of an abyss, and described them as 'Fluffy balls of orange-coloured fire, moving through space, unhurried and majestic'. Asked later if the lights could have been an illusion created by the monks, he replied that they could only have created it by swimming through space!

WHAT A CHEEK!

More weirdly, some mystery lights seem to be intelligent. An Australian sheep farmer on horseback was followed by a blue 'min min' light one evening. The farmer chased it away – but as soon as he turned his back, the light reappeared at his shoulder.



▲ COLOURFUL NIGHT SKY

The photographer of this mystery light claims it is a UFO – but the source of mystery lights is still unknown.

LIGHT SOURCE?

The Hessdalen lights may be linked to activity below the Earth's surface. There is a lot of copper in the area, a metal that can create a high magnetic field. Mining may have disturbed this magnetism.

Seismic stress – movement under the Earth's surface – was also measured during light sightings. Is this more proof that these strange lights are simply created by the complex structure of the Earth? Why are scientists so slow to investigate?

SACRED SPIRIT?

Sometimes, unexplained lights have also been associated with different religions around the world. In the 1930s, an Englishman called John Blofeld visited the sacred peaks of



▲ FRIGHTFUL FOLK TALE

Will-o'-the-wisps were lights that were said to lure unsuspecting travellers to their deaths in treacherous marshes!

LEGENDARY LIGHTS

English folk stories recall candle-like lights called Will-o'-the-wisps, that led travellers astray and were believed to be a sign of death! Sightings still continue, but scientists now claim these lights are simply burning marsh gas. So keep your eyes on the skies, and an open mind. Because mystery lights are still an unexplained mystery.